



collecting that amount. And furthermore, the schools thus established, under the supervision of the missionaries and churches, would give much greater promise of permanency than any other.

We now appeal to the churches and schools for their liberal co-operation in this work. Shall not the Society be furnished with, at least, \$5,000 for this object, within a year? Perhaps there is no way in which that amount of benevolent contributions can be better expended for the good of our country, in staying the progress of infidelity, Romanism and every error, and in building up the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer, than by relieving the embarrassments under which many of our self-denying and excellent missionary brethren are laboring for want of good books, and especially those which would aid them in establishing and sustaining Sabbath Schools.

The Society is employing no more agency, and incurring no more expense, in consequence of the effort it is now making in behalf of the West, than it has done for years, and is obliged to do, in carrying forward its other operations. This effort is all extra—over and above the ordinary labors of the Society. This makes the important and interesting enterprise of the Society, in relation to the West, very economical. There is no way in which this work can be accomplished at less expense.

The holy influence of this enterprise is already beginning to be seen in the reports of the missionaries, as published in the HOME MISSIONARY. In the October number, grateful mention is repeatedly made of donations of books that have been received through this Society. B.

## BOSTON RECORDER.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1843.

### WAITING IS SERVING.

Some imagine that great mental or bodily activity, or both, are the essential ingredients of acceptable service of God. They must fly in this direction or in that; they must be noticeable in the eyes of all by the ubiquity of their operations, and the stir and excitement which their movements produce. They are right, and only so, when they can flash through the moral firmament like a meteor; when they can drive the chariot through Zion with the "thunder of the captains and the shouting"; when the valor of their righteous deeds shall cause the wondering multitude to admire their zeal for the Lord. If there be not bustle, and show, and physical activity, and strong mental excitement, they think there can be but little done to glorify God.

We dispense not any form of enlightened and energetic and manifest zeal in God's service. We adopt, and with all earnestness urge, the Scriptural appeal, "Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, shall glorify your Father who is in Heaven." But those forms of honoring God, which strike the eyes of men, and stanch them by the open contrast with their own neglect of him, are not the only ways by which he is glorified. There may be much of heroic obedience, noble fidelity in God's service, and triumphant accomplishment of the divine will, in the vale of obscurity, in the chamber of sickness, in the "short and simple annals of the poor," in circumstances forbidding all striking manifestations to the world, as when the loudest trumpets have been sounded, and spiritual conquerors have rode in triumph over the field of victory. Indeed, we believe many of those exhibitions of the power of Christian principle, which shall cause the brightest stars to adorn the heavenly crown, will have been found to have been displayed far from the exciting scenes of life, with no powerful external excitement to bring them forth, and no earthly trumpet to proclaim their praise. The disciple of Christ who is strong in bodily health, and armed with nerves of iron; that can plunge into the thickest of the moral conflict, under the excitement of applauding multitudes; he is honored, and we would not cause a leaf of his crown to wither. But others there are, of his fellow disciples, dwellers in feeble and sickly bodies; "bundles of lacerated nerves;" long confined on beds of sickness; or long pursued by malignant slander; or long chained down to poverty and privation; such there are, who, with no form whatever of powerful external and earthly stimulus, are nevertheless carrying on and carrying out the spirit of obedience to the will of God, in such a manner as shall cause them to shine hereafter "the stars forever and ever." They may not be known of men; they are not in "king's houses," but in the garret or the cellar, the retired street, the degraded hotel. There may be few witnesses, or even none that can appreciate the moral glory of their characters; yet are they as noble specimens of the triumph of Christian principle, and of the sublimity of the Christian faith, have ever been embazoned on the records of Zion.

The piety of these saints is not the less real or the less powerful because it rides not on the high places of the earth. It is the piety of submission in trial; patience in suffering; quiet acquiescence in the will of God, through untold bodily pain and mental conflict. The trial of their faith is of the severest kind to which God ever subjects his saints; for such trials, we must believe, are but seldom found by those Christian warriors, who, glorious as their course is, are yet cheered on and sustained by a thousand forms of external excitement. But the sufferer on that sick bed has no such sustaining influence. That victim of shattered nerves has no applauding multitudes to strengthen the soul in its painful conflict. That object of domestic persecution, whose pious spirit is daily outraged by contact with vice in some member of the domestic circle, has no outward excitement to cherish the meek and quiet spirit, and to nerve the mind to strong endurance of evil. There are trials in these, or in kindred forms, that require a stronger faith, and a loftier confidence in God, than that which carries the Christian hero through his most applauded triumph. And there are specimens of the sublime in endurance of evil, of noble resistance of temptation, of patience in tribulation; there are such specimens most lovely to the eye of God, though the admiring gaze of the world was never fixed on them.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean rear."

In the depths of retirement, beyond the vulgar gaze of the world, to fame unknown, and on her scroll not recorded, are numbers of the brightest gems that will yet glitter in the Saviour's crown. As truly and as acceptably, and as eminently in his esteem, do they glorify God, as those who are found in the Christian warfare.

amid the waving of banners, and all the "pomp and pride and circumstance" of "the conflict."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

And Milton might have added to this beautiful sentiment, that none more acceptably serve, and with higher honor wait, on God, than those who, on regard to his glory, meekly sustain the injuries, and patiently endure the evils of this world.

### MAN'S WAY.

"There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but he endeth therefore the way of death." Thus said the Wise man, himself instructed by the spirit of God. Observation had taught him, and it has taught thousands on thousands since, that rebellion against the authority of God, however strongly urged by the corrupt passions of the heart, or recommended by the example of the world at large, can terminate only in confusion and destruction. "God will not be mocked." His purposes are fixed. His arm is strong. His enemies must repeat, or perish. Still, few believe it; practically the faith of the multitude is, that they may violate the laws of heaven at their pleasure, and yet escape an overthrow. Some select one mode of expressing their independence of God, and others another; some are bold in their avowals of contempt for divine restraints, and others more cautious; some are wrathful and furious, and others are cool and quiet—but all agree to pursue the way that is right in their own eyes, irrespective of consequences to the honor of their Maker or their own safety. Hence we hear the character of God often misrepresented by men; his goodness is extolled at the expense of his holiness, and his mercy exalted at the expense of his justice and truth. Hence too we hear the authority of his law questioned, the unwise severity of his penalty affirmed, or even the fact of any penalty beyond the grave denied. And hence we hear abundant complaining of Divine Providence—murmuring at the prostration of human plans, and the defeat of noble enterprises—dissatisfaction with arrangements and events in their nature unalterable—repugnance at hard times, pecuniary difficulties, and even at that general peace among the nations which diminishes the profit of personal industry, by leaving every nation to be its own producer of what it consumes. It is a fact, that men are every where quarreling with their Maker, not through unavoidable ignorance, but through want of complacency in his character, and want of confidence in the principles of his administration. Is it going too far, then, to say, that were it in their power they would hurl him from his throne, annihilate his law, and revel in unbounded licentiousness? See we not precisely either their approval or disapproval of the treatment received by Judge Duer?

Still, in the spirit and action of the Convention, there is sufficient evidence of the extent to which the principles of the Oxford Tract-writers have spread, even among the laity, to excite amazement, though not alarm. It is possible, that, as an order, they are ready to sustain such sentiments of clerical supremacy, of the *juris dictu* of Bishops and Priests, as are stated to have been advanced by the Diocesan of New York in his opening address? Can it be that a man of great purity and integrity of character, to whom the principles of the Oxford Tract-writers have spread, even among the laity, to excite amazement, though not alarm. It is possible, that, as an order, they are ready to sustain such sentiments of clerical supremacy, of the *juris dictu* of Bishops and Priests, as are stated to have been advanced by the Diocesan of New York in his opening address? 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## POETRY.

[For the Boston Recorder.  
LINES,

*Written by a Young Lady of 17.*

Many years ago, a beautiful young lady, while sick of fever, desired her Mother to bring her a glass of water. The attending physician had prohibited it, and said, "If you will give her what she wants, Mother, will you bring me some when I am dying, for then, if not here now then? Yes, my child, said she; and in the hour of death the Mother recollects the water and brought it, but it was too late.

The damp of death was gathering

Fast o'er her marble brow;

The fatal film was veiling

Her eyes' uncertain glow.

The last rose hue had faded;

From off her blushing cheek;

Her parted lips were quivering;

With words she fain would speak.

Her mother gazed in wistfulness

Upon her daughter's brow.

Then shrank it in tones of anguish,

"Here's water, drink, my child."

She fixed her eyes upon her

Upon her mother's brow.

Then from her lips in melody

These words came and low:

Mother! take back the prou'd cup, I need it now no more,

I soon shall quench thy thirst, and all my grief be over:

Yes! I shall drink at that bright fount which glads the spirit land,

This flowing braw will surely be by Heaven's own grace.

Soon shall truss those glittering streets by mortal eyes

Where fancy in her wifid flights hath never entered in.

My soul seems now to thrill with joy, methinks hear the song

Of shining angels, round the throne, borne on the air along.

It deepens and my heart's frank cords to music all are strong.

A strongly deep, mysterious spell o'er every wretched sight,

A world of joy seems bursting in upon my wretched sight.

And the dim scenes of this recent beauty its glorious light.

O! Mother, it is Heaven now, for now I plainly see

The gentle pangs, and tears of life, the waters glistening free.

I see those brilliant walls, of which the inspir'd winter told,

Faewell! sweet Mother, now I have to read these streets

of gold.

Her fond look—yet not a sigh

Told that she died.

And friends with noiseless footstep came,

And gazed upon the dead.

MISCELLANY.

THE AGED APPLE.

As connected with the history of Eve, and with the discovery of Newton, the apple must be regarded with some interest for its agency in the fall of man, as well as in the rise of science. But that an apple should be kept as a memento of the departed, is a novelty to which we have just been introduced.

A few days since a gentleman exhibited to us an apple, in full proportion, of the size of a common plum, which was a blossom when our country was under the rule of England, green fruit when Independence was declared, and ripening when our country was in conflict for her liberty. Here is the identical apple which has been preserved sixty-six years—and now, while the name of the men who signed the declaration, though lastingly recorded on the annals of fame, are scarcely echoed on those of lineal descendants, this fruit, which ripened when they were in maturity, stands out a representative of the products of that year.

Somily, Sammy, I am older than you. I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky-box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things.

First: that you have saved too little, and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid half aside for charity and one-half aside for a rainy day.

Secondly: that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow—it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadows; but a small body may cast a greater shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you followed the opinion and fashion of others, until you have been decoyed into a bog.

Thirdly: that you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

Fourthly, that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

Fifthly: that you have not been thankful enough to God for his benefits in past times.

Sixthly: that you may be thankful our lot is no worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, tyranny, or all together.

And, lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, "Give us this day our daily bread."

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and took Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

lost work by Eusebius, Bishop of Cesarea, entitled "The Theopanica, or Divine Manifestation of our Lord." No copy of the Greek original is extant, but a Syriac translation was discovered by Dr. Lee among some Coptic manuscripts which Mr. Tatman, of Bedford, brought from Egypt, and submitted to the Professor. The three years since the Syriac manuscript has been in our learned townsmen's hands have been sedulously employed, in addition to his ordinary duties, in translating the Syriac manuscript with his own hand; 2dly, in publishing it and correcting it for the press; 3dly, in translating it into English; and, 4thly, in publishing his translation, to which he has affixed a preliminary Dissertation:—

Part I. "On certain Opinions of Eusebius." Part 2. "Introductory Remarks on the Views of Eusebius, on Prophecy."

Part 3. "On the Personal Reign of Christ on Earth." Part 4. "On the restoration of the Jews." The present work of Eusebius argues from natural religion against both Atheists and Polytheists, in the manner of Paley's Theology.—*Shrewsbury (Eng.) Chronicle.*

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

Not many hours ago I heard uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of the pressure.

"Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer any time these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harbors the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow."

Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod smartly, it was as much as to say, "Here is something which you have got to learn!" Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children."

"Ay," cried Sammy, "you may say that, and a mother-in-law, and two apprentices into the bargain, and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hand money."

"Silly, Sammy, I am older than you. I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sulky-box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things.

First: that you have saved too little, and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'notion,' when you might have laid half aside for charity and one-half aside for a rainy day.

Secondly: that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow—it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadows; but a small body may cast a greater shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you followed the opinion and fashion of others, until you have been decoyed into a bog.

Thirdly: that you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

Fourthly, that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have had a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

Fifthly: that you have not been thankful enough to God for his benefits in past times.

Sixthly: that you may be thankful our lot is no worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, tyranny, or all together.

And, lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, "Give us this day our daily bread."

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

We ask our readers to peruse and re-peruse the following article. Once reading is not enough. It is a sound view of the master in debate, and gives us a higher idea of the intellect of Chesterfield, than any of his writings we have ever seen. Mark the language. "Palatable poison," "artists in slasher." These terms convey a strong idea of his abhorrence of the geometry of the traffic.

Heard what Lord Chesterfield said in the House of Lords, Feb. 21, 1748, on the celebrated george, the simplicity and courteous manners, the old church (preserved with its antiquity although the pews are vacated)—and the old fashion of keeping the same parish minister from youth to old age. The respect to ancestry is also shown by retaining the same name from generation to generation.

The house which Morris Hobbs built 180 years ago, has since been the residence of no less than eight others who have borne the name of Morris Hobbs. Some ninety years from the erection of the house, a son was born on whom the fond parents placed much hope, and in full confidence that he would honor the venerable name, he was duly christened Morris. He was destined however to be early removed.

We have seen it somewhere beautifully and truly said, that they only have a child living in remembrance who have lost one in infancy. And every circumstance which attends the death-bed of the child is fondly cherished by the bereaved parents. Morris was sick; he desired an apple, and one was handed to him. He held it to his lips, and attempted to bite, but finding it unpalatable, the hand holding it passed to his side, and retaining the rest in his grasp. The tears of affection were shed, and the last rites performed. Non but those who have been called to arrange a house after a funeral of a child, know the feelings which the sight of the dresses, the tenacious shoes, and all the circumstances connected painfully awaken. On the mortuary-piece was an apple—the mother looked upon it was the one which Morris held in his hand when he died!

The bright image of the once sprightly boy comes before her, the crimson of her tears is filled anew, and she turns from the sight. The apple remained—and although it could be viewed with more calmness in after-times, it was kept as a sacred memento. Another Morris Hobbs was born: but the moments of the apple was not obscured. The mother still had her active boy in his unadvising youth, playing in her recollection. The second son advanced in years, and an honor to the name, he died in the same house a few years since at an age of three-score years. And now his children and grand-children look upon the apple, and as its history is told, in fondly cherishing the remembrance of one whom they never knew, they show the high respect they hold for the feelings and affections of their departed relatives. Many such mementos doubtless exist in other families, but we doubt whether one can elsewhere be found in the shape of an apple.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

INTERESTING LITERARY DISCOVERY.

About three years ago we had the pleasure to announce to the public that our highly distinguished townsmen, Professor Lee, had discovered the celebrated

our power, to stop the destruction. So little, my lords, am I affected by the merits of the wonderful skill which the distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, no facility of great use to mankind, to prepare palatable poisons; nor shall I ever contribute in any way to their manufacture, because, he has by long practice obtained great dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own ruin, let us at length, my lords, secure them from this fatal draught, by bursting the vein that contains the poison.

Let us, therefore, banish the distillers, and those who have reconciled their countrymen, to sickness and to ruin, and spread over the pit-falls of debauchery, such baits as cannot be resisted. I am very far, my lords, from thinking that there are this year any peculiar reasons for tolerating murder,—nor do I care to know why, but I have been told that it is to be destroyed hereafter.

Such plain language and such a close understanding of the true cause of the evils of intemperance, before the day-dawn of embodied temperance efforts had gladdened our country and the world, are enough to put any ignorant and unprincipled person to shame.

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